

# We Won't Stop

Big Moe

Son of a bitches got my name in they mouth  
I knock they woman down and leave my drawers at they house

Better not run up on Big Moe, leave that boy alone

Stankin and swinging on niggas like I was Roy Jones  
Motorola, benjamin folder, slab holder  
Crushing these motherfuckers bout the size of a polar  
Bear, I swear, you better beware  
I'ma let it go leaving bout spots in your hair  
Life is hard but it's fare ain't nothing for free  
Get off my balls you niggas ain't taking nothing from me  
Cause I done mashed, for my cash  
And if I got to go now I get down and mash  
I'm still gangsta man, you better feel that, ain't nobody  
Wrecking the shop where nigga kill at get your wig peeled back  
M, my inventions, stay out of mine  
Have you limping, to a crawl you out of time

H-Town streets it be too hot, get your glock  
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot  
D-Town streets shermed out soldiers on the block  
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock  
Little Rock streets it be too hot, get your glock  
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot  
Louisana streets shermed out soldiers on the block  
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

I'm a Mo City soldier and I'ma be quick to give my pistol a cock  
When I be dumping on son of a bitches bout a regular lot  
Don't come around here with no plex, fuck around  
And pull out the jaws of life and snatch your dome smooth off your neck  
To my people when I call collect my fond money under my bed  
And I'ma jump on when I touch down and keep bringing it to they head  
Hell naw I ain't never been scared, a bit of thing inside myself  
Cause I might accidentally bust me out these guns on myself  
Being the king of the Killa Klan and Disco Dan and from the Tre  
May a slug hit you spit your fuck miss and your uh reefer done J  
Blue and gray or red and black ain't no set tripping cause we down  
Leaving a trail of bloody murders through your city and through your town  
Who would you run to, would you light up like a woman or pull a gun fool  
And on top of decision making we ain't having none of that riff-raff  
Fuck around and open you up just like a big slash

Chi-Town streets it be too hot, get your glock  
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot  
New York streets shermed out soldiers on the block  
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock  
streets it be too hot, get your glock  
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot  
Florida streets, shermed out soldiers on the block  
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock

We got bars and stripes, boy and sprites  
Polite on mics the type of cats that keep boys on pipe  
With they jaws on extra tight, and they extra hype  
Full of that shit to make us and they drawers ignite

And we gone fatten the fire, fuel and flames  
Get them brains, leaving gangsta we off the chain  
Who run trains till they off the track, wolfpack  
Up in Playboy mansion I have all these bunnies back  
We got money stacks, homes and lacs  
Farms and gats for any ?tom dick hairy and jack?  
Who want to know where our hearts be at, come hear the  
Clickity clack, rock-a-bye baby baby, back back  
We can do it like this and we can do it like that  
Crack your hands high here's your skull cap to hoes  
Snap a photo for your folks and close your favorite pack of smokes  
Cheater, we ain't no joke it's cut throat style we won't stop

Memphis streets it be too hot, get your glock  
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot  
L.A. streets shermed out soldiers on the block  
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock  
Detroit streets it be too hot, get your glock  
It don't stop, unless you want to cop a burial plot  
Dirty Third streets shermed out soldiers on the block  
It don't stop, and it be quick to give your pistol a cock